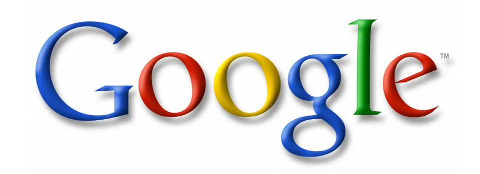


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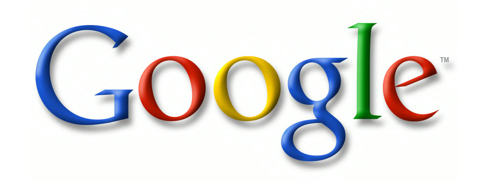
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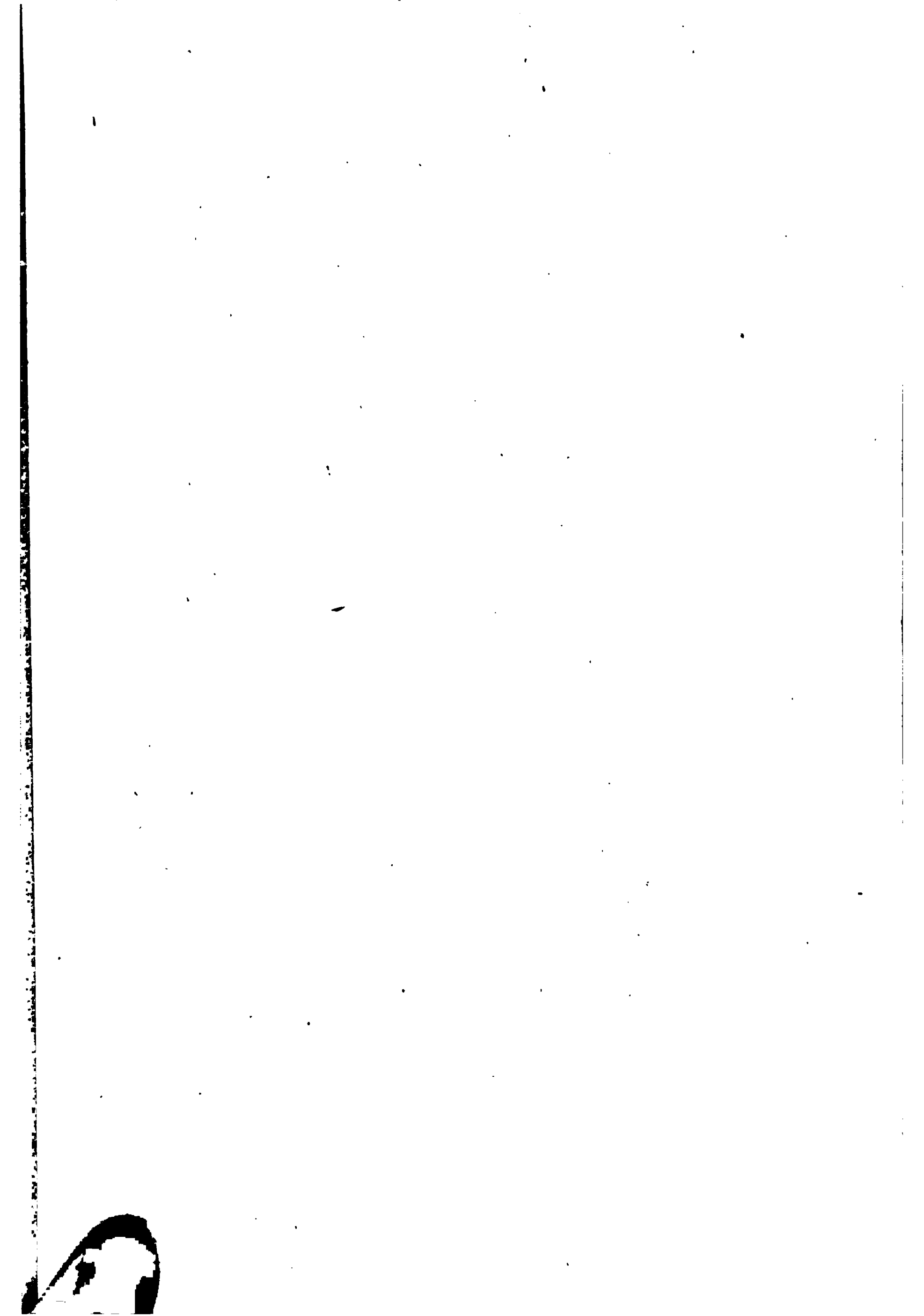
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TIFFANY, Flavel Benjamin

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TO THE STUDENTS

OF THE

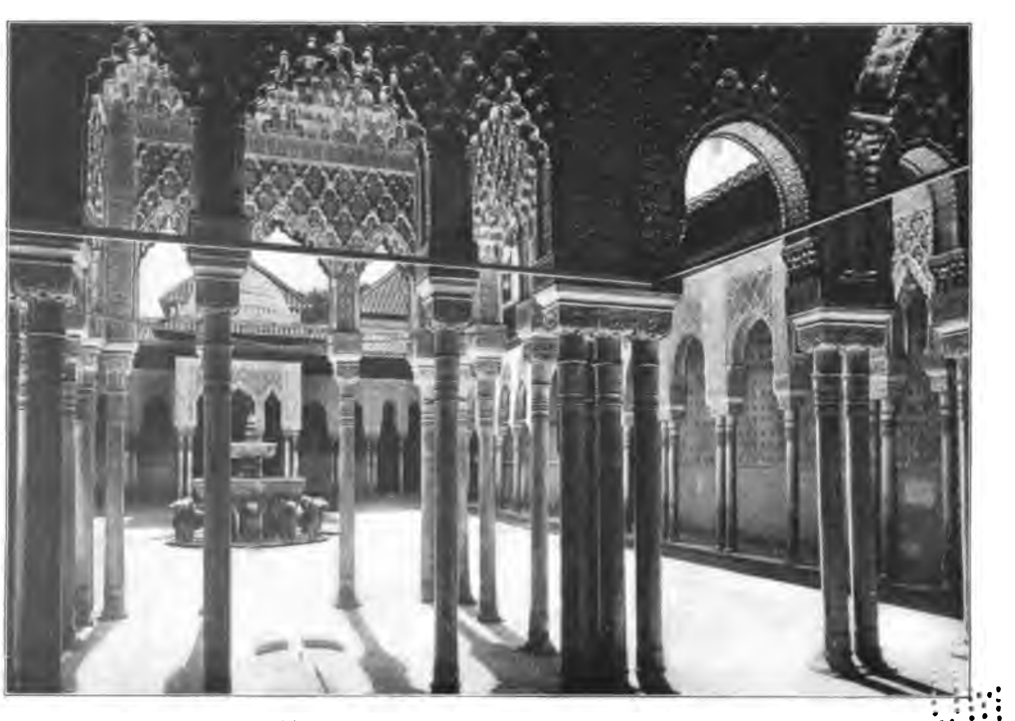
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THE ALHAMBRA, COURT OF LIONS.

An Address to the Class of 1906-7.

CHAPTER I.

The Farm, the Gulf, and the Rockies.

GENTLEMEN, I had thought, as the time has already advanced quite far into the semester, that I would, without any preliminaries, go immediately into the scientific work and take for my subject this morning "The Eyelids"; but at the door I was met by some of the class with the special request that I tell you something of my summer's vacation, more especially of my trip to Spain, so we will devote the hour to a ramble outside of scientific paths into some of the myth and story by-ways. I trust that you have had a pleasant vacation and are here to-day with renewed vigor and zest for the work of this, your fourth or Senior year. In ophthalmology (the poetry of medicine) there will be plenty of most interesting cases for you to see and study.

But I was to tell you of my vacation. I must not forget to mention the pleasurable trips to the little fruit and dairy farm, a retreat a few moments by rail from the busy whir of the city and the strenuous work at the office, to the quiet of jungle, wood, orchard, and vineyard.

Communing with Nature in this sylvan retreat, we can but be glad, and thank the great Jehovah that we are permitted to partake of these blessings. While there the song of James Russell Lowell comes to us from "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and we repeat:

"No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer.
* * * * * * * *
And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
  Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
  And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
* * * * * * * *
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow."

Yes, after some hours here under the great vault of heaven, on green carpets, shaded by the giants of the forest, listening to the song of bird and murmuring stream, quenching thirst from the fountain-head, or indulging the palate from the peach-tree or grape-vine, I return with renewed vigor and zest to the work at office and college.

Soon after saying good-bye to you last spring as Juniors, I took a run down to the Gulf of Mexico to attend the meeting of the Medical Society of the great "Lone Star State." At that time of the year it was especially interesting to notice, as we sped on our way southward, the varied stages of Nature's development. Leaving Kansas City in the evening, the snow had scarcely gone, the

buds had only begun to swell, and the corn was not yet planted; but on arriving at Muskogee, I. T., the following morning, the trees are in full bloom, with the corn peeping from the ground. At the dinner station, Denison, the buds and bloom have given place to the fruit well developed and the corn is knee high. The country is redolent and brilliant with wild flowers. On the second morning gardeners are in the strawberry-beds, gathering the ripe luscious fruit, boxes of which are on sale at the station. Nearing the Gulf coast the third morning, we come to the forest of live oaks, now bearded with moss which hangs in long skeins from the outstretched limbs. This wood reminds us of Longfellow's "Primeval Forest":

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?"

From these woods we pass over the lagoons to Galveston, the Venice of America, who now with her clean streets, good sanitation, with her sea-wall, rises phœnix-like from her dead ashes to a beautiful city. She is destined to surpass the world in her fine harbor and some day (not far distant) to be the coast resort of this midland country. Our few days with the medical *savants* of this great Lone Star State at Fort Worth are days pleasant and profitable.

Later in the season I take a run up to Colorado, where I ramble through some of the *cañons*, climb the Rockies, and, being thoroughly intoxicated by this exhilarating ether, shout to the nymphs and sprites of the mountains, who from the surrounding peaks in glad voice answer back.



CHAPTER II.

Kansas City to Gibraltar, via the Azores.

I BELIEVE that it was the far-off castles of Spain and the Castilians that you especially wanted to hear about. It is on the 7th of August that I take leave of my friends from the observation car of the Burlington Route at Kansas City, when the engineer throws wide the throttle



THE "CANOPIC."

and we hurry away to Chicago and thence on to the "Hub"; for we are to sail from that harbor. Two days are delightfully spent in the classic little town of Northboro, Mass., among the ancient elms, the birthplace and old home of Mrs. T——. On the 13th we go down to

Boston, where, at the Parker House, by appointment, we meet relatives for a social dish of real clam chowder; and then by trolley, fifteen minutes' ride, we go to the famous harbor of Charlestown, where, under the shade of Bunker Hill Monument, which marks one of the battles that decided the fate of our Nation, is anchored the good ship *Canopic* of the White Star Line, that is to take us across to the other shores. We go aboard, seek our state-room (a commodious outside room on the upper deck), choose seats at a table easy of access or retreat in case we are suddenly seized with a desire to pay our devotions to the god Neptune, locate chairs on deck, arrange for bath, and then seek the post-office. This contains for us several letters of good tidings from thoughtful friends. In the midst of this, who should come aboard to greet and wish us a safe and pleasant voyage but our old friends, Dr. B——, one of the founders of the University Medical College of Kansas City, Mo., and his good wife and sister, Mrs. F——. Dr. B——, with his old companionable *bon-ami* air, approaches with:

"How do you do, Dr. T——? I am glad to see you. How is Mrs. T——?"

I reply: "Quite well, I thank you. Doesn't she look it?"

"Yes, about as rosy as when we first saw her at the after-dinner coffee in the court at Madame Mauvais', 1008 Rue de Baigneux, Paris. Do you remember, Dr. T——, our first acquaintance in London?"

"Yes; it was at Moorfields, where we first learned to use the ophthalmoscope, that little instrument handed to us by Professor Helmholtz in 1854."

"What is this little instrument and what is its use?" ejaculated Mrs. F——.

"With this little instrument one sees one of the most beautiful and fascinating pictures eye ever beheld. By it one can study not only anomalies and affections of the eye as well as diseases remote from the eye, but he can even study character. It is said that nearly all criminals, prison birds, defaulters, counterfeiters, thieves, murderers, etc., have imperfection, error, anomaly, or some warped condition of the eyes, which are recognizable by the ophthalmoscope."

"You have probably read the very interesting book 'Dr. Bryson,' have you not, Mrs. F——? You remember the daughter of his heroine had glaucoma. That name was given before the era of the ophthalmoscope, and is a misnomer. You recall that Dr. Bryson also speaks of the heroine becoming totally blind and remaining so for several months, and yet from the most careful, searching examination by this instrument no disease or sign of any lesion, either of the eye or of the remote organs, could be discovered. Well, here again the science of ophthalmology asserts itself in recognizing a certain nervous trouble commonly called hysterical amblyopia. Here all signs are negative, and yet there is actual disturbance without any real definite lesion. It is often cured by suggestion or by the great laws of Nature."

"Well, Dr. B——, how have you been since last I saw you? I suppose that you occasionally revert to our student days in foggy old London and bright, gay Paris?"

"Yes; I shall never forget the first time I saw you

walking down Fleet Street with that fine zephyr scarf about your neck, hanging in tassels nearly to your feet, and the Cockney across the street calling out, 'When did you come over?' Yes, nor shall I ever forget your whirl over the floors with the Cockney girls at the Academy, preparatory, as you said, for the *entrée* of Parisian society.

"There goes the gong! 'All visitors ashore!' I am sorry that this pleasant reunion must be so suddenly terminated, but that is a part of life."

Our friends are now on the wharf, waving us an *au revoir.*

Look at that Portuguese rushing down the companion-way, crying like mad! I believe that he is going to throw himself overboard! He has tarried too long, and is being taken away against his will. The stewards rush up and assure him that he can go back with the pilot; then he ceases his wild cries and becomes pacified.

Signals of farewell are wafted from boat to pier and from pier to boat, until we have gone far out into the bay and our friends are but specks in the distance. And we have been standing on the deck all of this time and have neglected the only opportunity of writing those promised letters to be taken by the pilot-boat; for already our pilot has unlashed his craft, leaving the *Canopic* to take her own sweet way across the seas, while he is fast nearing shore; and now our friends must wait several weeks instead of days for a message.

The beautiful bright sky of Boston is overcast and we are enveloped in quite a dense mist and cloud. The ominous fog-horn keeps up a monotonous blast the entire

night, even to midday of the Sabbath, so that our faithful Captain has kept his post, not even appearing at the breakfast-table; for nothing is allowed to take precedence of vigilance and care in such weather. Even the Sunday morning service is dispensed with, and we are left to sit here in mid-air upon open deck with billowy sky above and the rolling sea beneath, to commune with Nature and betimes dream of the Castilians and the far-away castles of Spain, while every turn of our turbine brings us nearer to the realization of our dreams. In the language of the poet we repeat:

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep;
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore.
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

* * * * * * *

"The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We 'll say, 'Let the storm come down!'
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea,
A life on the ocean wave."

Sunday all day our membrani-tympani are kept vibrating from the continuous rhythmical blast of the fog-horn controlled by a touch of the line held by the man at the Captain's side. But we are under English rule and

discipline, and hence have the assurance that our ship is ably manned and will steer clear of all obstructions.

With only eighty saloon passengers aboard, there is no difficulty in securing places at the table, or bath at the regular time of six in the morning. Our state-room is commodious and cheerful, and as we recline here on the sofa this Monday afternoon with the bright sunlight through the portal window flooding the room, on a calm, smooth sea, with plenty of literature pertaining to the



TRAFFIC IN THE AZORES.

Iberian Peninsula (the land we are going to visit), we are at least content. There are many foreigners aboard. At the bow the third class are nearly all Italians, and at the stern they are mostly Portuguese. Many of the first and second class are Spanish.

To-day word comes that our ship is to cast anchor at the Azores, and that we are to arrive at these islands

Friday. Now all interest is turned toward this archipelago of the South, and we are curious if our stay there will give us sufficient time to visit the lakes of the burned-out volcanoes, the mineral springs and geysers near by. At any rate, we shall see the natives in their peculiar garb and some of their customs; we shall be millionaires and spend a few thousand reis while ashore. On Thursday morning, the 16th, we come in sight of St. Michael's, one of the main islands of the Azores, and at 2 P. M. we are at Ponta Delgada, its principal seaport town.

Friday is a beautiful, bright day; no wind, and the sea is calm. The rope ladder or stairway is thrown out on the side of our vessel, and we descend to the skiff that is to take us ashore. It is always interesting to enter a foreign port, for everything is novel and engaging. At the lower step of our ladder we are met by dusky, black-eyed children with grass baskets (their own weaving) full of large, luscious Malaga grapes. We secure a basket, of course; the contents soon disappear, but the basket of singular pattern and weave we have to-day in our *boudoir* as a *souvenir* of our first visit to the Azores. On going ashore we are attracted by the dress of the women, especially their black *capote-mantilla*, which used to be worn by the *élite*, but is now confined to the middle class. These people are erect and above the average height. They seem industrious and self-respecting, yet there are many beggars here, as there are in all Roman Catholic countries. Their principal industry is raising cattle. Pineapples grow luxuriantly and are of fine quality, but are developed mostly under glass. These people are thoroughly

cut off from the world; only a few vessels call, and evidently they get but few cablegrams. One of our passengers, my table companion, thinking to obtain late news of America, bought a daily paper, and on the front page he saw the startling news of the great earthquake and conflagration of San Francisco, which occurred some months prior to our leaving America.



NATIVE AZORE COSTUMES.

Sunday, August 19th, Rev. Mr. K—— approaches me, thinking that I am one of "the cloth," with the question whether I think the Captain would be willing for the Rev. Mr. B—— to take part in the morning service.

I respond: "Well, we can tell by asking. I shall be pleased to go with you to his cabin if you like."

"I should be very glad if you would."

We ascended to the hurricane deck, to the Captain's quarters, and, with the wind blowing a gale at the rate of sixty miles an hour directly in our faces, it is with some

difficulty we gain the cabin. Once there, we are courteously ushered into his august presence and receive a hearty welcome, with the interrogation:

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

I reply: "Captain, this is the Rev. Mr. K——, who has come to see you in regard to a fellow-passenger (a noted missionary) taking part in this morning's service."

The Captain replies: "Gentlemen, to make a long story short, it is the rule of this ship's company that the captain or the first mate shall conduct the service without exception; but there is no objection to Mr. B——'s holding service at any other hour of the day. I must tell you a little anecdote of what happened on board this ship some years ago, before my time. There was a celebrated bishop, a really magnetic orator and devout Christian, aboard; the Captain broke over the rules, and consented to the request that he deliver the sermon, inviting the crew to hear him. But that day there was more discord and cursing among the sailors than there had been for months, and since then they have made it a fast and fixed rule."

"Captain, this reminds me of a story they told on one of our passengers, a reverend gentleman, who accompanied us some years ago on our voyage from Palermo to Naples. Our passage was not a long one, but the sea was very rough, the waves were high and tempestuous, and our ship tossed and pitched so furiously that we were several times thrown violently from the sofa across the stateroom into the berth opposite, and *vice versa*. There was almost a panic among the passengers; many were on their

knees praying God for deliverance, while others were paying their devotions to Neptune, asking also for deliverance. The preacher's wife, in her great alarm, insisted upon her husband going to the Captain to ask what the chances were; the Captain assured him that there was absolutely no occasion for alarm, and, as a proof, took him to the deck where the sailors were, and said, 'Do you hear those men swearing?' 'Yes.' 'Well, so long as there is such cursing there is no danger of a shipwreck.' So the divine returned to his good wife, telling her what the Captain said; but as the sea grew heavier and the masts creaked and the old ship rolled and pitched the lady became more nervous, and insisted that John should go again and see what the chances were. On his return he said, 'Thank God! Mary, the seamen are still cursing.' "

Early Monday, the ninth day, we come in view of land; on either side, here on our left are the coasts of Spain, and on our right those of Morocco. And now as the sun is declining, marking a golden path across the smooth surface of the ocean, we are nearing port.

In the distance we see the gigantic rock of Gibraltar, one of the Pillars of Hercules. It was Hercules who rent this mountain of marble asunder and established the Strait of Gibraltar, thus connecting the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. On the African side, twelve miles distant, is one foothold, and the other is here at our left in Spain. Yes, here are the veritable pillars upon which Atlas stood, his left foot on Africa and his right on Spain, while he held the heavens on his shoulders. In our imagination we can see yonder the huge form of Hercules

astride the strait of his own forming, supporting the heavens, while Atlas has gone to fetch the apples of Hesperides, those used at the wedding of Juno. He has his back to the Mediterranean and is looking out upon the



GIBRALTAR.

great island, Hesperides, now all aglow in the golden light of the declining sun. Yes, it was Hercules who revealed the fact that Gibraltar was not the western limit of the world, but that lands and oceans lay beyond, even more

extensive and of far greater interest than those of the Orient.

As we steam nearer the Herculean Pillar of Spain, or the real Gibraltar of to-day, there appears a huge brown rock, seemingly void of vegetation; but as we approach the shore there comes into view a luxuriant growth of plant and flower. At the foot-hills are the Hesperian apples, the fig and the pomegranate, the olive and the lemon, besides many blooming and aromatic plants. Above soar the bald eagle and the kite, and upon the shelving rocks, among the scraggly trees, sports the Barbary monkey in his original freedom, for no person may molest him here. A recreant soldier, however, shot one the other day, but was immediately court-martialed therefor.



CHAPTER III.

Gibraltar and Tangier.

WELL, here we are at anchor, and there comes the little tender to take us ashore. Our rope ladder is again swung out and we descend to the wharf, go down the line of baggage to the letter T, where our luggage has already arrived, and then the porter escorts us to the custom-house, where we only have to say that we have neither cigars nor whisky and are allowed to pass without detention; for Gibraltar is practically a free port. The porter guides us to the Hotel Cecil, the one our old tried and faithful friend Baedeker recommends as the best. It is our experience that it is much more agreeable, if not cheaper in the end, to put up at the best hotels when traveling in a foreign country. We find the Hotel Cecil a delightfully airy, cheerful, cleanly hotel, of modern Moorish style and structure, and here, in spite of the August heat of this latitude, we are very comfortable. Our apartments open upon the balcony, from which, as we recline here upon the rattan or bamboo couch after our *siesta*, we look down upon the fountain to palms and dates growing in the *plaza*. The *Canopic* does not weigh anchor for six hours, so Mr. Damon (a former fellow-citizen and our most genial ship companion, now on his way to take a position in the Robert College at Constantinople) proposes that we together take a carriage and see some of Gibraltar's

lions. We have only to mention such a thought, when an alert son of Isaac springs to the call, and we have at once one of those jaunty, bedecked four-wheelers (*carriaje de dos caballos*) at our command.

We first drive up to the old Moorish fortifications, where now remain only in ruins a part of the wall and gateway. We visit the dwarfed dragon-tree (*Dracæna draco*), a thousand years old; thence we go to the Galleries, of which there are some four miles, cut from this solid rock of marble. The marble, by the way, is in strata of some forty or fifty feet thick. The Galleries are from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep, and more than that wide. At intervals of ten or twelve yards are holes, and at each is mounted a cannon. We are told that there are about one thousand of these guns within the fortifications. This gigantic rock of Gibraltar rises 1,400 feet above the sea-level; its banks are very precipitous, especially on the sides overlooking Spain and the Mediterranean Sea. There are many natural caverns and clefts, in which are also placed fire-arms. The magazines and store-houses, they say, contain sufficient ammunition and provisions to withstand a siege of six years, with the Garrison and civilians of some eighteen thousand souls.

On our return drive I notice hundreds of people, footmen, vehicles, and many, very many donkeys, going down the street. I ask what it means, this caravan of men and beasts; our loquacious guide informs us that those are the people, mostly Jews, who do business here in Gibraltar, but must go outside to live. As the bell strikes seven the gateway closes, and they must be outside of the

walls. They must cross that vacant lot of ground, the Neutral Ground, to yonder village of Linia, to their homes. And when the gate swings open at seven in the morning, they are allowed to return to their respective places of business. Only those having special permission can remain within the fortification over night. In our drive we come to the Neutral Ground, near the water's edge, where rolls from the east the surging tide of the Mediterranean, and thence to the other side, where the heaving billows of the Atlantic leap to embrace the Mediterranean. We escaped that nasty wind, the *levanter*, a sort of whirlwind so often encountered at the junction of these large bodies of water.

After dinner, by electric light, Mrs. T—— and I visit some of the shops, for now our young friend the Professor must hie himself to the *Canopic* and far away into the Mediterranean, to the Orient. I say we go into some of the Moorish shops, which contain many Oriental things of interest to us Americans. We go to some of the Jewish synagogues, also to the Moorish mosques, but of course do not attempt to go inside a mosque, as we are not yet ready to be shot. Now we must retire, for to-morrow we are to take a little trip over to Morocco and see the real Mohammedans in their Oriental garb and natural mode of living.

Tangier is our objective point, which lies yonder, across the bay, in a secluded and accessible harbor of the Mediterranean. We are taken by a tender to the little ship *Gibel Musa*, commanded by a jolly Scotchman. We weigh anchor at 11 A. M., and at 3:30 P. M. we are nearing the African shore, and yonder on the sloping banks lies,

as an amphitheater, the beautiful Moorish town with its white houses and numerous spires, domes, and mosques. The shallowness of the waters will not admit of our *Musa's* coming to the wharf, so we must cast anchor and be taken by one of those numerous skiffs which are tossed by the



LANDING AT TANGIER.

agitated billows that lash our ship's sides. It is with special adroitness that we succeed in alighting to a seat. Once seated, four Moslems, with red turbans, white tunics artistically entwining their bodies, barefooted and with legs bare to the knees, row us safely to the African shore.

Here we are met by a vociferous lot of porters, each insisting that his respective hotel is the best. But again we stay by our friend Baedeker and guide our mule to the Hotel Cecil down yonder across the sands near the beach. Here again we are happily disappointed, for we had been told that the hotel accommodations in Tangier were bad,



TANGIER, HOTEL CECIL.

but the Cecil is commodious, airy, sweet, and inviting. It is kept by Spaniards, but the servants are Moors, most courteous and urbane. Nothing is too good for American tourists, and we have the fat of the land at our command

(luscious fruits and wines of most excellent quality). After dinner I go with a red-turbaned Moor to the bath-house at the water's edge, and indulge in a most enjoyable surf-bath. The bay is sheltered on three sides by sloping hills, and the beach is so declivitous one can wade out several rods before reaching a depth over his head. There are no rocks nor seaweed to detract from the enjoyment. The sands are smooth and hard, and they stretch for miles along the coast. After vigorous buffeting of the waves as they come rolling in from the Mediterranean, I feel a renewed strength and animation, and so "clip it" up and down the strand for more than an hour.

The Mohammedan stands ready with his bucket of warm water to bathe my feet and Turkish towels to apply vigorously until I am aglow with warmth. Now I am ready to go with him to a veritable Mohammedan *café* for our after-dinner cup of coffee. Astride the mule, with guide in front at the bit and a boy behind at the crupper, by the dim light of a lantern, we pick our way up the stony streets, winding in and out to a lonely narrow alley, where we dismount and ascend a dark passage to lofty apartments. Before entering, we remove our boots, step into slippers, and then we are ushered to an elevated seat. The ceilings and walls of the rooms are beautifully decorated with frescoes of Oriental designs. Reclining upon the floor about us are a dozen or fifteen musicians with bare feet and legs, each having a stringed instrument, antique or modern in kind, upon which he produces melodious and rhythmical music. It is different from any orchestra or band I have ever heard. Among these

instruments were the lute, mandolin, arch-lute, mandora, orperon, guitar, bandora, lyre, guitar-lyre, zither, harp, sea-trumpet, viola, and violin. Some of these instruments are of the eighteenth century, but many are of the seventeenth, and some of an earlier date.

This *café* seems a sort of hallowed place, select, and only open to special visitors. No person is allowed to enter with his boots on. Some wear sandals or slippers, but the musicians and attendants are barefoot. They serve here only tea, coffee, and cigars; no wines nor liquors of any kind are allowed. The Mohammedans are teetotalers, and if one of them partakes of wine and becomes tipsy, they say that he has turned Christian, and he is at once ostracized. You never see them in any but their own peculiar dress, red or white fez, the white tunic and bare legs. If one puts on our citizen's hat or cap, he is at once driven from their midst. They practice polygamy. A poor man may have two wives, the well-to-do can have four or five, and the rich man may have a dozen or more. The Sultan at Fez has from fifty to a hundred, and it is said that he has had as many as fifty children born to him in a month. The Sultan never divorces a wife, but any other man can do so.

It is getting late, and we must find our way back to the hotel; so, after an hour's enjoyment in this Oriental *café*, sipping tea and listening to the peculiar rhythmical music, mostly of minor tones, we return to the hotel, where, notwithstanding the hard cotton bolster or pillow, we pass a restful night. Feather pillows are an unknown luxury in this country. The following morning, after

breakfast, the mules are brought forth, and thereon, under broad-brimmed *sombreros*, with a boy to lead and another to prod, various vendors as advance guard, and a retinue of beggars, we cut quite a dash. As we pick our way up and down the narrow, stony streets we attract



TANGIER, OLD WELL.

considerable attention, especially as our train is constantly crying to everyone we meet, "*Allah! Allah!*" In some places they cry, "*Allah Allaha ilala, Mohammed et rassou lou lah!*" ("There is no God but one, and Mo-

hammed is His prophet!") Tangier is decidedly Oriental, and hence very interesting to people from the Occident. Like Fez and the city of Morocco, the streets are narrow, rough, and dirty. On our way from the hotel this morning we see at the curb several dead dogs and cats. The water-supply here is from wells and cisterns. They draw the water by rope and bucket. Yonder they are gathered about a large well, pulling up their buckets. And now they have nearly exhausted the water, for we can see the bottom, which is covered with tin cans, bottles, rags, etc. There are no sewers here, and sanitary conditions are generally bad. However, these people, living a simple life, in tents or out of doors, abstaining from all alcoholic liquors, like cattle, seem to have good health.



TANGIER, SNAKE-CHARMER.

On our journey to-day we of course go to the market-place. Here the snake-charmer opens his box and lets come forth a large oppida, which he grasps midway his body. The serpent, writhing, snaps at him, but as the

man catches his eye the snake quails. The tame takes the oppida's head into his mouth, closes his lips, and when he opens them the snake has bitten his tongue, which is streaming blood. He lets go the snake, which wriggles into the box; then he gathers up handfuls of straw and dead leaves lying about, wads them into his mouth, chews and swallows. Soon he vomits forth smoke and fire from mouth and nostrils. He shows the tongue, which is better of the bite. He then gathers up more straw, chews and swallows it, and again belches forth smoke and flame. Again he shows the tongue, which is now free from poison and is well; blood and lacerations entirely gone.



THE WILD MAN.

A little further on, as we make our way towards the gate, out jumps the wild man from the woods, all decorated with badges, spangles, bells, etc. He dances in a hilarious manner, jumping and turning somersaults, all of the time beating a tambourine.

On one side of the main street are laid out fruits and vegetables, the prickly pear predominating; besides there are dry goods, silks, etc.

In coming to the gate we meet a mob of people, donkeys, and camels, laden with merchandise, fruits, and garden sauce, just in from Fez and the surrounding country. From the market we go over to the tannery, where are tanned the Angora goat skins of which the celebrated red Morocco leather is made.

. . ander, not far distant, is the cemetery or burying-ground; there are head- and foot-boards, but no monuments, nor even stone or marble slabs with the names of the individuals upon them. There is a funeral procession just now passing. Six men are carrying the coffin above their heads. The lid is off and the corpse is exposed, giving it full view of the vaulted heavens as it is transported to the grave. The grave is but a hole of a few



TANGIER, MARKET GATE.

feet, where the body is interred, for they do not bury in the coffin, but dump the body into the hole, throw some straw over it, and then cover with dirt, taking the coffin back for future use. The friends of the deceased do not, as a rule, accompany the body to the grave; the burying being done by hirelings. Usually, however, they dress their dead in their best clothes, and often, if it is a child,

the Gypsies gather about, strip the clothes off, and fight among themselves for the possession of them.

From the cemetery we direct our mules to the mosques, which we are permitted to look at from the outside, but woe be to him who attempts to enter their sacred precincts.

The shops full of Oriental goods are interesting, especially those of the Morocco leather. In the shoe shops we notice numerous boys at work with a man, each saying the Koran as fast as he can talk. They have no schools; but the boys are taught to commit the Koran from beginning to end. The girls are entirely unlettered, and after they are twelve years old they are seldom seen on the streets, and when permitted to be there, they are closely veiled. No woman is seen out of doors unveiled excepting it be an old woman—a bread-maker, for instance. At the harem Mrs. T—— is allowed entrance, but to me the doors are closed.

Marriages are arranged by the parents or guardians. The bridegroom rarely sees his bride before marriage. She is brought to the altar in a box. Guards are stationed at the door, the bridegroom goes in to her, and if he finds her satisfactory, salutes are fired and all is well; but if not, the wedding is off, and the expenses are borne by the parents of the girl. The wives of the Mohammedans must live peaceably and harmoniously together, making no complaint, but serving their lord and master. If they displease him, he beats them and, if he likes, divorces them; they having no redress, as they can not get a divorce. Divorced women are much cheaper than vir-

gins, and it is this class that the poor man usually gets. Women in Africa are more numerous than men. This is probably due to the fact that the different tribes are constantly waging war one against another, and so thinning the ranks.



TANGIER, CATTLE BARGE.

But our time is up for seeing Tangier, and we must return to resume our journey to Spain. So, after visiting the old Roman walls, now in ruins, and some of the wells of many centuries ago, we leap into the skiff and are

rowed over the bouncing billows to our ship *Musa,* which just now is taking aboard its cargo of cattle, fruits, and vegetables.

It is interesting to see the cattle loaded. They bring them to the ship in barges, and they are hoisted by means of a chain and derrick from the barges into the ship. They always swing up two at a time. The poor creatures seem dazed, making no resistance as they are hoisted some fifteen or twenty feet and let down into the hold. To unload them, they are slid from the ship into the water and are then compelled to swim ashore.

Tangier, Loading Cattle.

The *levanter* is again in our favor, and we make a peaceable, pleasant trip; resting over night at Gibraltar, in our little Hotel Cecil.

CHAPTER IV.

Gibraltar to Granada, via Ronda.

THIS Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, we are aboard the *Elvira*, and are fast approaching the town of Algeciras, across the bay. Landing, we are properly in Spain, among the Castilians, and ready to visit the castles of which we have often dreamed. All up and down the coast for miles are little white houses with red-tiled roofs, where dwell the guards or *gens d'armes*, who protect against the *contrabandistas* or smugglers. On these shores the cork and eucalyptus trees are numerous. At the wharf and upon the boats are seen tons and tons of cork ready for shipping.

Leaving Algeciras, our little engine, by its puffings, evidences the fact that we are climbing to a greater altitude. Its whistle reminds me of the willow or poplar whistles of boyhood days. We are passing through dense forests of the cork-trees. The large trees, with their trunks and limbs stripped of their coats, standing in their bronze nudity with broad green tops, are of striking interest. There are no dead trees; for this disrobing does not kill and, we are told, the bark thus removed is replaced in one year. On either side of the railroad is a row of the aloe or century plant or the prickly pear, stretching

far away up and down the hills, over the plains, and into the valleys as far as our road goes. At the *dépôt* there is always stationed a soldier as guard. Much more precaution against accidents is taken here in Spain than in our country. The country to Ronda is rough and barren. The drouth has dried up the meadows and the hills are sere. The principal vegetation is the forest of cork-trees and olive-groves. On the plains are many herds of long-horned, poor cattle and goats without number.

Nearing Ronda we pass in full view of several picturesque castles crowning the peaks, with beautiful white villages nestling at the foot-hills. Just before reaching Ronda our train skirts the mountain-side, darting in and out of numerous tunnels. At 11 A. M. we come to this picturesque place, which from its lofty situation commands magnificent views of the surrounding country. Yonder at our left, on a mountain peak, stands one of those Moorish castles, long ago abandoned to the owl, bat, and rat. Over yonder, as far as the eye can reach, are orchards and orchards of olive and the century plant, as well as the date- and fig-tree. The oleander in full bloom adds beauty to the scene. The bluish gray hornblend peaks are very striking in contrast. At *table d'hôte* our board is laden with the products of this land. Here we find the celebrated Spanish native olive, the prickly pear, the Malaga grape, and the green fig; in fact, our dinner of seven courses is a very good one, out in the open, here on the platform, near the train.

After luncheon we go out to see this interesting ancient place. In one of the old Roman castles of the

seventh century, among the ruins, we find a modern dwelling, with a family living in it. In the court of the old castle is a well, aged many hundred years, supplying, as in centuries ago, pure cold water, from which a veritable Rebecca draws and hands us the dripping cup fresh from the bucket. Ronda in these hundreds of years has not changed much, and I imagine that she looks to-day as she



RONDA, OLD WELL.



RONDA, ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

looked when the Romans occupied this fortress. Some of the old Roman walls, aqueducts, and two of their bridges are in a fairly good state of preservation.

As we speed our way on to Granada we pass through vast orchards of olives. The country houses are nearly all built of white stone, or, if they be not naturally white, they are whitewashed; and in the spring

of the year, when the country is clothed in green and blossom, these white houses with red-tiled roofs, with the oval bake-oven at the side, are especially picturesque.

The countrymen are preparing the ground for the seeding of another year. They have no modern agricultural implements. You never see a plough here. The peasant spades the ground preparatory for the seed; a slow process. The olive is the main product. It is interesting to see them cultivate the olive-tree. The small tree is planted in a large opening in the ground, three or four feet in diameter; then the earth is banked up all around it in the form of a pyramid; the apex reaching up three or four feet. This cone of earth they leave about the tree until it is several years old; then it is removed. To thresh their grain (as we see them to-day), they pile it up on the ground and then tread it out by horses and mules. Occasionally we see a sort of wagon with several wheels drawn circuitously over the pile. To separate the grain from the chaff, they throw it against the wind, which carries away the chaff, leaving the grain to fall at their feet.

From Ronda to Boabdilla the country is undulating and well covered with olive-groves—no, not groves, but forests, or, better, orchards; for the trees are set out in regular rows and are fertilized and cultivated. There are thousands and thousands of acres of the far-famed Spanish olive growing in this part of Andalusia.

At Loja our train halts for a few moments, and through the fence women and girls cry, "*Fresca leche! Aqua fresca!*" which they bring in jugs. A little black-

eyed *lechera* hands us through the car window a jug of *fresca leche*, from which I pour a glass, pay the two pesetas, and reach her the jug; but she laughs and says, "No; the



LOJA, VENDORS AT STATION.

two pesetas pay for the jug and all." So, as a *souvenir*, we take the jug, and with care bring it on to the Alhambra, and then away over land and sea to our home at 2457

Troost Avenue, where it now graces the mantel and awaits decoration from some of our keramic friends. At Loja a Spanish traveling companion bought a melon, cut it in two, and insisted upon sharing it with us, saying that we should find it "*tout frais et doux.*"

This is the country that Washington Irving on his mule, with his man Sancho, traveled, and which at that time was so often frequented by the *contrabandistas.* Oc-



CARTHAGINIAN CASTLE.

casionally we see (yes, yonder is one) a shrine with a cross upon which is nailed the image of Christ, marking the spot of a murder by one of these *gentlemen of the road.* This is now selected as a spot for the pilgrim's penance. Yonder on the top of the mountain, at the foot of which the river in its circuitous route forms a moat, are the ruins of an ancient castle, said to have been built by the Car-

thaginians in the early days before the Iberians were driven out by the Mohammedans.

Nearing Granada, we descend to the foot-hills, down the borders of the river Darro, where the olive and the fig give place to the beet and the cane; here are hundreds of acres of the sugar beet and cane, and at short intervals we pass (located by the river's bank) large sugar factories. This locality looks fresh and green because of irrigation. At nightfall we arrive at what used to be the most beautiful city of Spain—namely, Granada, where we leave our little *primera coupé* with eight *asuentos* and take omnibus across the city, over stony streets, through the old Moorish gateway, and under the arch into the ascending road to the far-famed Alhambra, the once magnificent stronghold of Moorish power in Spain.



CHAPTER V.

The Alhambra.

AUGUST 25th we are located in the magnificent Hotel Washington Irving, looking out from our parlors into the park below, which is illuminated by electric lights, where, in full view, a long table is laden with fruits and viands. This is in the midst of the dense foliage in the deep and narrow valley through which we came on our way to the hotel. This valley is covered by stately trees, many feet high and many years old. Most of the trees are indigenous. The hotel is near the top of the valley and is densely shaded by the forests. The *alameda* is arched by the tall trees, and contains tropical and semi-tropical flowers of many varieties and of beautiful bloom. On our right gurgles a stream of clear, cool water as it hurries from the distant snow-capped mountains to the Darro below. Last night it was soothing in its lullaby ripplings, heard from the open windows of our suite of rooms, which look out upon the *alameda.* It is a very peaceful, restful feeling we have this Sunday morning, here in the cool, shady woods of art and nature. I do not wonder that our compatriot Washington Irving, with his poetic nature, loved to linger here and revel in reminiscences of by-gone nations, in myth and story.

Monday morning, as soon as we have our roll and coffee, we saunter up the road (only a few rods away) to



The Alhambra, the Alameda.

the top of the hill, to the once most majestic palace in the world, even now rivaling the Parthenon in its beauty and grandeur of exquisitely delicate interior decorations. Yes, our visit to the Alhambra this morning is fraught with much delight and pleasure, and we are thankful indeed that we are so favored as to be permitted this rare privilege of wandering through the ruins of this, the grandest palace of all Moorish kingdoms. About the first place we visit is the Government chambers, where lodged Washington Irving. We take a seat on the window-sill, in plain view of the open court with fountain, flowers, and trees, and read his account of his experiences here the first night of his stay; and then, with our guide, who speaks French fluently, we wander about from court to court and chamber to chamber. Many of these courts and towers are buildings of themselves. The view from the Torre de la Villa is very extensive and fine. At our feet is the beautiful city of Granada; to the left, the Alhambra Park; to the right, the river Darro; in front, the Generalif, enclosed with brown hills. Yes, as we stand here by the open window and gaze upon this beautiful world without, we can but feel how it harmonizes with magnificent scenes within.

In our ramblings this morning, we begin with the grand structures of the Court of the Myrtles and of the Lions, then go to the Patio del Mexuar, to the baths, toilet-room of the queen, and to the underground chambers. Over the arches of the Sala de la Barca we read: "He who comes to me, tortured by thirst, will find water pure and fresh, sweet and unmixed. I am like the rainbow

when it shines, and the sun is my lord." The Hall of the Ambassadors (Sala de los Embajadors) was the state reception-room of the monarchs. The last great assembly of the Moors, summoned by Boabdil to consider the surrender of Granada, met here. The ornamcntntion of this hall is of the richest in the Alhambra. The walls are very thick. The windows themselves form rooms. The Court of the Lions (Patio de los Leones) was begun in 1377, during the reign of Mohammed V. In this court there are one hundred and twenty-four columns, standing singly, in pairs and in groups. The court once held orange-trees. The fountain is upborne by twelve lions.



MOORISH VASE.

In the Room of the Two Sisters, which adjoins the Court of the Lions, the decoration of the palace probably reaches its artistic zenith. The mural decorations in stucco are simply marvelous. The great glory of this room is its

honeycomb vaultings. The ceiling contains five thousand cells, each differing from the others, all combining to form an indescribable beauty. In one corner of the room is the famous two-handled vase (el jarro de la Alhambra). This vase, after the surrender of the palace by Boabdil,



THE ALHAMBRA, EXTERIOR OF GALLERY.

it is said, was found full of gold. The baths are extensive underground apartments, and are of special interest. There is a gallery here for singers, alcoves for couches, etc. Many columns support the superstructures, fountains, and mosaic floorings.

The Palace of Charles V. is an imposing quadrangle, two hundred and seven feet square. It occupies a part of the original site of Mezquite, which was built by Mohammed III. The first mass after the fall of Granada was read in this mosque. Leading out from this palace,



THE GENERALIF, AVENUE OF CYPRESSES.

we pass through the Gate of the Seven Floors (Puerta de los Siete Suelos), the gate by which Boabdil is said to have left the Alhambra, and which was afterward walled up. We follow him in his flight to the Generalif, at the foot of the Cerro del Sol, his summer residence. The approach



GRANADA, GYPSY CAVES.

is through a long path, lined with rows of cypress-trees, of which we take a snap-shot with our kodak. The court is full of cypress, orange, figs, pomegranate, prickly pears, and flowers, intercircled by the aqueduct of the Alhambra. This court (Sala de los Reyes) contains several portraits of the Spanish sovereigns. No. 12 is said to be that of the Moor Boabdil. In the garden, among the ancient cypresses, is said to have taken place the tryst of the wife of Boabdil and Hamet.

But one must go day after day and week after week through these old ruins in order to understand, appreciate, and fully enjoy the Alhambra. The Alhambra began with Mohammed I., 1232, and fell with Boabdil. The architecture is most wonderful. The thin and fragile marble columns on which rest large and heavy masonry are similar to those of the temples of the ancient Arabs. The stalactite honeycombed vaultings are but expressions of an artistic glorification of the Arabs in the far-distant Orient.

This Sunday morning, August 26th, we take carriage to see a little of the old Moorish city, Granada. On our way we drive to the summit, which commands a view of mountain, hill, dale, river, and city. At a near point are the Gypsies' caves; for here at the summit, several hundred feet above the Darro, which skirts the foot-hills at the roadside below, are numerous openings in the mountains, with Gypsies standing about. Yes, these are the Gypsy caves, which extend several caverns deep into the mountains, and were formerly used by the *contrabandistas* or smugglers. To each cave there is a doorway, and at

the side of it is another opening as window. By a long, narrow passage to the summit, we come to an exit. These caves are quite numerous, extending for several miles along the side of the mountain, and they contain many hundreds of these wandering vagabonds, who get



GRANADA, GYPSY DANCERS.

their living by filching, horse-trading, palmistry, telling fortunes, etc. They are bright-looking, sprightly individuals, with black eyes, oval faces, small hands and feet, and are quite interesting. The young maidens are pretty and graceful. They gather in groups, and while the par-

ents and older ones clap and beat time, they dance with much grace and rhythm; going through many fantastic movements of head, limbs, and body, until by sheer exhaustion they fall to the ground. Their floors are Mother Earth, but are kept swept clean and neat. This picture represents them as the kodak caught them in their vivacity, with their eyes shining and faces wreathed in smiles. We enjoyed seeing them dance. I secured from the little one, Mignon, with arms akimbo, a black kettle in miniature, such as they use for cooking their owl and snake broth. From the Gypsy camps we drive down the steep winding road to the city below, and over to the cathedral, the Capuchin Monastery, where rest the remains of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

It is August 27th, at 7: 30 A. M., that I wend my way from the old cistern where the water-carriers from Granada are gathered with their water-pots and jugs, engaged in their morning gossip. Here it is that hundreds gather as in centuries agone from all Granada, to discuss the tragic as well as the innocent events of the day. From here, I say, I wend my way to the ruins of the Mezquita, a beautiful little Arabic mosque, the private home of the Sultan. Its honeycombed vaultings are now being restored. The workmen allow me to pick up some of the stucco, intaglio, and a fine piece of mosaic flooring, laid by the Mohammedans many hundreds of years ago. Also from the dump I secure pieces of the celebrated Granada vases, all of which I now treasure as *souvenirs*.

Before taking leave of the Alhambra, I take a ramble along the banks of the clear, winding stream which is

leaping precipitously down the base of the mountain from its source near the Generalif to the valley into the Darro below. The peasants are out with their jugs and canteens, fetching water from the old cisterns, many feet deep, which supplied water to the Moors centuries ago. I pick



THE ALHAMBRA, BOUDOIR OF THE QUEEN.

my way over the rocks to yonder heights, and pass up through the ancient avenue of the cypresses to the Generalif, and look off upon one of the most enchanting views yet seen.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
  Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are the fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine.
'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the Sun.
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh, wild as the accents of lover's farewell
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell!"

In front is the beautiful white city of Granada, in Moorish times a city of more than half a million people, which under the Spanish–Catholic rule has dwindled to less than seventy-five thousand; once it was the most wealthy and beautiful city in all Moordom, but now is a living ruin of the dead past. Now the narrow streets are dark and filthy, many of them being unlighted.

"At the taking of Granada there was great rejoicing upon the part of the Christians, but that night, when the sun went down, while many were calling on the Trinity, thousands were calling, '*Allah! Allah!*' "

"Here passed away the Koran, and here the crown was born;
Here was heard the Christian bells, and there the Moorish horn."

There at our feet are the plains of Mohammed, at the right are the Sierra Nevadas with their glistening snow-

caps, and at the back the grand old Alhambra. On our way back from the ancient ruins of the Generalif we gain permission to pick some of the luscious fruits that grow so abundantly along our path; such as pomegranates, ripe-purple and green figs from the same stem, prickly pears, olives in various stages of development, and clusters of grapes of several varieties.



SEVILLA, DANCING THE VAMBRA.

Our few-days stay in this enchanting land of Andalusia is restful and enjoyable to the full. Our next objective point is the ancient and picturesque city of Sevilla, celebrated for its black-eyed *señoritas*, who dance the *vambra* under the orange and pomegranate along the banks of the Guadalquivir.

Chapter VI.

Sevilla, Cordoba, Toledo, Madrid.

IN THIS part of the country one is impressed with the mode of traffic, for it is the little donkey that moves everything. He is omnipresent, alone and in groups.



Andalusia, the Mode of Traffic.

You see him and hear the tinkle of his bells from early morn until late at night. In fact, in many places he seems to be going the entire day and night long. You see him

laden with stones, with wood, with garbage, with vegetables, with food of all kinds, with fruits, with cork bark, with melons, with water-jugs, with cans of milk, with children, with men, with the priest, staggering and plodding along; for he has but little ambition, and seems to realize that he is doomed to everlasting toil and abuse. To-day has been exceedingly hot. At every station women and girls come with jugs and bottles, crying, "*Aqua frio! Leche frio! Leche frio! Aqua frio!*" which they offer for cinque centimes. Spanish gentlemen in the car all carry dainty little fans, which they use as deftly as the *señoritas*.

As we approach Sevilla the country is more settled, and evidently the soil is more fertile, for all along are stacks of grain and the peasants with their mules are treading it out. Just before entering the city our train passes through many fine orange, olive, and citron groves, as well as pomegranate orchards. At Sevilla we put up at the Grand Hôtel de Madrid, large, well equipped, with marble floors and walls, with marble-topped tables and marble pillars—in fact, it seems that everything here is marble or of plate-glass; the ceilings are frescoed, and, all in all, it is first-class and under good management. The temperature outside is 110° F., but here in this *patio* where we are now sitting it seems quite cool. Our *salle-à-manger* is in the open court, where are broad, outspreading palms and date-trees and a cool fountain.

Sevilla is an old Moorish town, with narrow streets, paved with cobble-stones. But it is the Moorish cathedral (or mosque) and the Alcazar we have come to see.

The cathedral is the largest in Spain, and is of Moorish architecture, especially its Giralda—the famous tower. The Moors made the stipulation that this, their temple of worship, should be laid low when the Christians took the city; but, fortunately, this compact was not kept, and it



SEVILLA, THE ALCAZAR.

stands to mark well the masterpiece of their wonderful architecture. The Alcazar is the most marvelously beautiful palace we have seen. It is well preserved, and suggests what the Alhambra was in its perfection. The many arches, vaulted ceilings, pillars, carvings, mosaics, frescoes,



SEVILLA, A PATIO.

etc., are immeasurably grand and beautiful. The open *alameda* and courts with fountains, with large magnolia trees, palms, figs, oranges, flowers and shrubs of many varieties, especially the jessamine, roses, and oleanders, give a delightful effect. From the top of the Giralda one



SEVILLA.

obtains a fine view of the city, which from this height looks like a solid mass of masonry, with here and there a rift as street. At this moment the bells begin to chime. It is almost deafening at this point, but from the ground

they are melodious. This evening we seek the main *plaza* to hear the orchestra. Men with large jugs on their shoulders, with glass in hand, go about crying from all quarters, "*Aqua frecka!*" We secure reserved seats for fifteen centimes (three cents). All kinds of meats, fried cakes, boiled beans, fruits, etc., are constantly offered us to buy. The band plays, but the din of the venders keeps up louder than before. Finally the orchestra stops, and moving pictures are thrown upon a screen.

After a short stay in Sevilla, we hasten to Cordoba, where we jump from the frying-pan into the fire, for here in this old Moorish town of narrow streets, paved with cobble-stones, the heat is still more oppressive; the mercury day before yesterday was 120° F. However, the principal business streets, and especially those leading from our hotel (Bellamy like), are screened from the unmerciful sun by awnings stretched across from housetop to housetop. Very few people during the middle of the day are upon the streets, but after sundown the *alameda* especially is a lively, gay scene. Groups here and there are seated at tables, sipping coffee or wine, and listening to the orchestral music from the several bands stationed along the parkway. But at Cordoba, like the other places, the cathedral is the prominent object of interest to the tourist. It is at this moment, 5 P. M., August 30th, that we have just passed the numerous beggar-women, men, and children at the door of this old mosque, and are seated in it, listening to the chiming of its bells, while viewing its many pillars, hundreds of arches supported by monoliths of granite and marble. It is bewildering in

its aisles, chapels, shrines, domes, and vaulted ceilings. On our exit the beggars are quite importunate; they expose their distorted and crippled legs and arms, extending the hand for alms. Some of the children reach to receive a penny, but when a little hand is grasped they run away laughing, and seem more pleased than if they had



CORDOBA, THE CATHEDRAL.

received money. One fellow at the *dépôt* as we are leaving Cordoba hands me a half-franc piece, wishing me to exchange it for Spanish. I put it in my pocket and thank him. This creates a laugh from the group about, but as the train moves out I count out fifty centimos for the cinquante centimes (ten cents), which he gladly receives as good exchange.

From Cordoba we take train for Madrid, resting very well in the little sleeping-car. The country on to Madrid is flat and of no special interest. The olive-groves give place to grapevines, and thousands of acres of young vineyards appear in our passing. The little donkeys are not so numerous, but the bull or ox teams, with yoke fastened to the horns, and hitched to enormous two-wheeled carts, do service. The yoke does not allow the ox to move his head one iota to either side. Luckily, there are few flies in Spain. Every ox has a bell or string of bells around his neck. Often we see several mules hitched *à tandem*, the driver having but a single line, and that to the wheel mule. The leader sagaciously swings around the corners with only the crack of the whip and the voice of his master to guide him. Instead of the red goats, the meadows are spotted with numerous black sheep. All along the banks of the Guadalquivir irrigation is employed, and here vegetation is rank and luxurious. Plows and more of the modern implements of agriculture come into use as we go north.

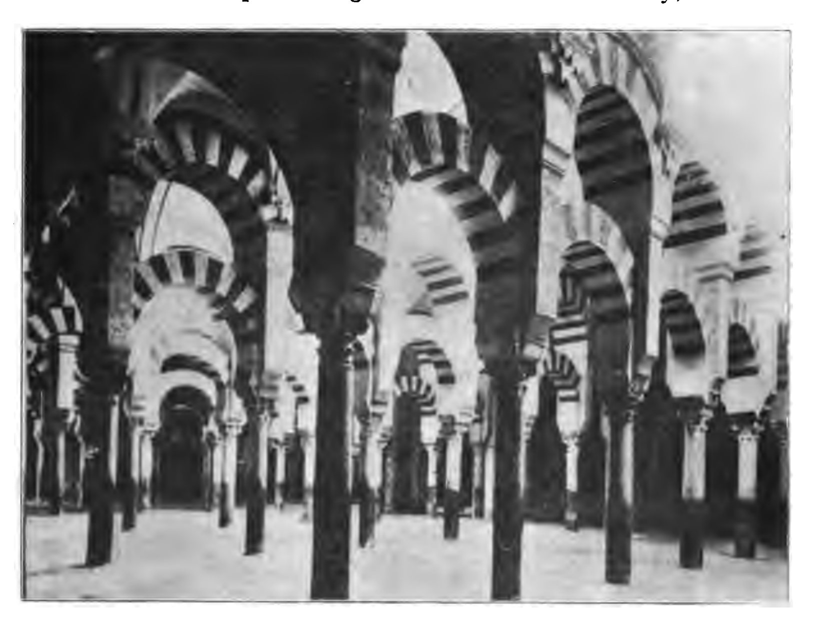
Saturday, September 1st, after an early coffee at the Hôtel de Paris de Madrid, we are on our way to the famous city of Toledo. Famous for what? For its antiquity, its cathedrals, its venerable domes and towers, hoary with age and clothed with real and legendary grandeur. Also for its fine quality of swords; for it is the Toledo blade with its excellent temper that takes the world's premiums. We are still climbing to a greater altitude; the air is fresh and cool compared to that of Madrid. All along are ruins of old castles; there are acres of white

diamond grapes; white merino sheep are present in great numbers. On the table-lands are many large wells, with endless-chain cups, operated by a horse hitched to a sweep. At the cottages there are strutting about little game cocks, the pride of the Spanish boy. As we approach Toledo many *buttes*, crowned by crumbling castles of the Moors, rear their lofty fronts in the distance. In crossing the river Tagus many large pumps are seen, throwing water upon the gardens and vineyards. These pumps are quite unique and are picturesque, like the windmills of the Netherlands. Jackdaws fly in large even numbers over us, and so good luck is sure to come. In just two hours we are at the station. In the coach, drawn by six horses, three abreast, with two strings of bells to each horse, seated on planks *dos-à-dos*, we go jingling and dashing up the hill to the hotel.

Then with guide we set out through the narrow, winding, stony streets to see Toledo. But I shall spare you a detailed account of what we saw. Of course we visit the old cathedral, with its numerous clustered columns and pillars, its arches and frescoed walls; for here it is that we find so many pillars of marble of various species and beautiful designs of mosaic work. During our stay of half an hour services are going on, the monks and choir-boys with lighted tapers passing from one chapel to another, chanting the service. The chandelier that swings over the sarcophagi of bishops and kings was a present, costing thousands of pesetas. This old cathedral is a repository of centuries of wealth, skill, and power. When we step outside among the halt, the blind, the sick,

the poor, the squalid poverty and filth, it seems a little incongruous.

The general sanitary conditions are, as a rule, very bad in Spain, and especially so in this old city of Toledo. We cannot help thinking that if some of the money, even



TOLEDO, THE CATHEDRAL.

that spent in building cathedrals, to-day were used in building sewers, to improve the general sanitary conditions, for factories, etc., where the mendicant could earn an honest living, how much better it would be! Sewers are a scarcity or entirely wanting, and their *retrates*, as they

call them, are in the alleys and by-streets. If they have lavatories at all, they are usually in close proximity to the kitchen, and are neither connected with water-supply nor sewer, and hence are of very unsavory odor. The water-supply is often from cisterns, which are open and subject to contamination. In Madrid the water comes through an aqueduct from the mountains, and is good. The streets also here are wide, many are paved with asphalt, and are kept fairly clean. Ice is manufactured, and is fast becoming popular among these people in this hot climate. A few years ago they criticised the Americans severely for drinking so much ice-water—in fact, it was almost an impossibility in those days to get ice in France, Spain, or Italy. But now, since they manufacture it, they are beginning to use it freely. Before leaving Toledo we must go over to the factory where they make the famous sword which is so finely tempered that you can touch the tip to the hilt without fear of breaking or warping the blade. Not being a *cavaliero*, *toreador*, or a *contrabandista*, I am quite satisfied with a sword-cane as *souvenir*.

We return this evening to Madrid, for to-morrow (Sunday) we have engaged seats for the bull-fight. Sunday? Yes. Why not? If we are going to witness a bull-fight in Spain, we may as well cut the entire figure and violate every propriety of good American citizenship; besides, if we go on Sunday, we shall be more certain to see the bravest *toreadors*, the finest bulls, best horses, and the *élite* of society in the greatest numbers. Our seats are reserved under the canopy near the royal quarters, oppo-

site to the entrance of the bull. The amphitheater has a capacity of some ten or twelve thousand, and nearly every seat is taken.

Exactly at the hour of four the doors swing open and out leaps the bull, a noble-looking fellow of the Andalusian breed. At first he seems surprised to find himself in the midst of this sea of humanity. And with head erect he gazes at the flutter of fans and shouting people, and takes little heed of the *toreador* or his associates. Soon he catches sight of the red flag which one of the *matadors* flaunts in his face; he makes for it, but the fellow drops the flag and steps aside, while the bull is attracted by another, and so darts from one to another around the arena. Now and then he chases the *toreador* to his retreat behind the barricade of planks near the arena fence. This is kept up for some time, until the bull becomes quite enraged; then the *picadores* with armor come spurring their horses into the arena. The horses are blinded on the side from which the bull attacks. The bull plunges his horn into the horse, and as the blood gushes forth a shout goes up from the audience. The *picador* goads the horse forward; the bull, now fully enraged, makes another plunge and throws the horse and man, ripping the poor old horse's abdomen open. The rider jumps, while the bull is enticed to the other part of the arena to attack another blinded horse. The first fellow prods his fallen horse to his feet, mounts, and spurs him across the grounds with his inwards trailing in the dust. This again calls forth shouts of approval from the audience, and again the bull attacks the horse, this time

rolling him over and over and over, until the poor bull is now becoming tired and inattentive to the red flags; so the *banderilleros* come with their darts, which with great precision they throw into the neck of our noble creature, and these so pain and infuriate him that he goes bellowing, darting here and there in a most furious condition; driving every *matador* and *toreador* to his retreat, while all the time the audience is shouting like mad. Other darts are thrown and stick in the bull's flesh. He is thoroughly used up, when now the celebrated *chulor* comes up and takes him unawares, plunges his Toledo blade to his heart, and as the blood spurts a tremendous shout goes up. The poor animal kneels down and with dumb, imploring look begs for peace; but no, the *chulor* prods him to his feet, and then gives him another thrust, which fells him to the ground, and the audience throw up their fans and hats in great applause. But the poor creature is not yet dead, so the *toreador* with his dagger stabs him in the back of the neck until he expires. And now, amidst blare of trumpet and beat of drum, several horses decorated with streamers come galloping into the ring. They are hitched to the dead carcasses of the horses and our noble bull, and with a swing around the arena drag them swiftly out, amidst an uproar of shouts from all sides. By this time Mrs. T—— has seen enough and wishes to retire, but I want to stay longer and see a man or two killed, for it seemed to me that these cowardly fellows should share the fate of the poor brutes. We retire.

God speed the day when these diabolical amusements may be abolished from every Spanish country. But,

with the feeling that now exists, it is likely that the day is far away. It is told of a queen of Spain (not the present queen) that ladies of the Humane Society solicited her for funds for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and she said: "I am very sorry, but I am just now 'dead broke'; but I do not mind giving a bull-fight to aid the cause!"





THE ESCORIAL.

CHAPTER VII.

The Escorial and Hospitals.

THIS morning, September 30th, we are on the move again, for our time is short and we must see the Escorial, the tomb of Philip II., before going from Spain. The Escorial is thirty miles away, so we take second class, but are sorry before we get back that we did; the coach is full and everyone is smoking. The usual polite urbanity of the Spaniard has fallen off, and the base or false nature appears. The deteriorated Spaniard, as a rule, is brutish, cruel, and treacherous. He is provokingly harsh and vindictive to his animals. One sees more blind dogs and cats here in a day than he would in a lifetime in America. In fact, it seems that a dog or cat with two good eyes is an exception. The men are thoroughly smoked, with swarthy complexion. As we approach the Escorial we come to a rocky, mountainous, barren region, pass through a long tunnel out on to the top of a rocky hill, among scraggly pines, through a deep cut in the rocks, and are here at the *dépôt*. Yonder is the Escorial, the eighth wonder of the world, or "Philip II.'s Folly." We take seats in the omnibus, again *dos-à-dos*, with seven horses, four abreast, all with strings of bells, and we go on a gallop, dashing up the stony steep ascent with a flourish, to the Spanish inn.

We have but seven hours to see this gigantic work of

Philip II., for it was he who selected this solitude as a place for a convent, palace, monastery, and burial-ground. He secured eminent architects and artists, but the pile was designed and directed mainly by himself. The total cost of the structure is estimated at 16,500,000,000 pesetas. The ground plan represents the gridiron on which St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom. It looks more like a fortress or prison than like a palace. The Escorial is quadrangular in shape, 680 feet long by 530 wide. There are 16 courts (*patios*), 2,673 windows, 1,200 doors, 86 staircases, and 89 fountains. The total length of the corridors is 100 miles. Now at 4 P. M., after five hours of traversing some of its one hundred miles of corridors, seeing some of its pillars, its frescoes and mural paintings, some of its beautiful tapestry, having craned our necks to its hundreds of vaulted frescoes, glancing at some of the many hundreds of volumes in the library, gone down into its burial-place of the kings, queens, and their children, we return to the hotel. Within the short time we have gotten, as it were, but a glance at this pile of mosque, church, palace, and royal tomb. However, we have seen enough for to-day, and are ready to take the first train back to our comfortable Hôtel de Paris de Madrid.

The following morning, with a guide, I go to visit some of the hospitals and medical schools. First I go to the Imperial Hospital (General). It is an old place, with a fine large court of trees, plants, flowers, and fountains. It contains a thousand beds, but everything is antique, with very poor sanitary provisions. We try to see some of the oculists, but they are out of the city, on their

summer vacation; most of them at San Sebastian. I find Dr. Castillo, a general surgeon, at the *café* where he usually goes for his luncheon. He gives me a letter to the oculist of the same name, who has charge of the eye clinique. We drive out to his hospital on the hill, a fine new building in the midst of a dense acacia grove, commanding a fine view of the city and the country. The building is fairly well equipped, but just now there are no patients and the oculists are away. I was amazed at the fearfully bad sanitary conditions. The sewers from the hospital are open, on the surface, and the stench on this hot day is almost intolerable. The sister in charge takes us with much pride to the culinary department, by which the open sewers pass. I asked Dr. Castillo the cause of so many sore eyes and so much strabismus in Spain. It seems that one-half of the lower classes have one eye knocked out or are cross-eyed, while a large per cent are sore-eyed. He said that the only way he could account for it was in the filthy habits of the people, together with the presence of syphilis, scrofula, and their superstition at interfering with the decree of Nature. I noticed in the hospital an X-ray apparatus, with some good pictures. There is evidently a growing interest in the advancement of medical science; and while Spain to-day is far behind other European nations in the science of sanitation, she will eventually emerge from her carelessness and filth and rise to higher and better things.

Our allotted time for Spain is nearly at a close, and we must say good-bye to this picturesque country and romantic people, and take our way over the Pyrenees to La Belle France.

CHAPTER VIII.

From Madrid, via Bordeaux, Paris, and London, to the English Lakes.

OUR FIRST place of interest is the celebrated wine-cellars of Bordeaux; so, after settling our bill and distributing a handful of pesetas to a half-dozen or more servants standing about, with *adios*, we take a closed four-wheeler to the station. The hot, dry season is broken, and the heavens are opened and down comes a deluge of rain. With the boot of our cab well buttoned, it is yet difficult to protect our luggage, especially the guitar we have brought from Sevilla. The train, the "Sud Express," is composed of sleeping-coaches only; so, if we take this train, we must occupy a sleeper. This only costs extra, besides the regular fare, 104 pesetas, about twenty dollars, for the little *coupé* to Bordeaux, twenty hours' ride. There are plenty of servants to assist you to the train. On arriving at the station, one fellow runs up and takes the luggage from the cab, another takes it into the station, another carries it to the cars, and a fourth puts it into the rack; each, of course, expects a gratuity. The coach is narrow and the corridor is at the side. It is not so elegant as our Pullman cars, but a very great luxury for this country. Our little *coupé* is comfortable, and we rest well, notwithstanding the rough railroad bed.

At 5: 30 A. M. we look out upon one of the most beautiful views yet had, for now we are crossing the Pyrenees, with their bluish gray serrated peaks, ruins of old castles crowning some of the topmost ones. Our train is continuously passing in and out of tunnels. On the slopes of the hills are numerous herds of long-horned cattle, but the grazing is poor and so are the cattle. The sheep- and cattle-paths winding in and out of the hills, with now and



MERINOES.

then little stone cottages of the shepherds, add interest to the view. There are no peasant houses here, only the shepherds' cottages. The people, even the farmers, cluster in villages along the banks of the creeks or rivers. It only takes about two hours to cross the Pyrenees, and now we are descending to the northern side of the Peninsula, and soon shall be at the border line. The Pyre-

nees are grand and picturesque, with castle ruins, and lower down numerous herds of white sheep are peacefully grazing. In the valleys along either bank of the stream are miles and miles of straight, tall, Lombardy poplars, which are sacred to the Spaniard. These give character to the picture.

As we descend toward France the ground becomes more fertile, and the arid, rocky hills, with stunted vegetation, give place to fields of corn and barley, now mostly harvested; and we find ourselves among an industrious, thrifty people. There is more of ozone in the atmosphere, hence more snap and vim to the people. The goats have changed their color from red and black to white. Instead of the little pack-mule, there are numerous large, plank, two-wheeled carts, drawn by ox teams. The oxen are decorated with goat and sheep-skins, which are lined with red flannel, thrown over the yoke that is strapped to their horns.

At 10 A. M. we reach San Sebastian, on the coast of the Bay of Biscay, a resort for the aristocrats of Spain. At Hendays we cross the line, where we must all get out and have our luggage examined, to see if we have any cigars or whisky. Soon we are on our way again, passing through dense forests of spruce, pine, and hemlock, with their bodies stripped several feet high and each with a tin bucket fastened at its trunk to catch the rosin as it drips from the denuded surface. During our rapid flight for the last two hours we have been passing through dense forests, from which they are gathering the rosin; evidently this is quite a source of revenue. The cork-tree,

with its denuded brown body, is also quite numerous here, which adds picturesqueness to the evergreen forests of fir and spruce.

Our *salle-à-manger* wagon has been taken off, and we are not to have any chance for luncheon until we reach Bordeaux. And ere we reach Bordeaux we begin to feel



SPANISH OXEN.

as the fellow did after climbing the Rocky Mountains from early morning till late in the afternoon. On coming to a mining town, he sought a restaurant where was posted, "A good meal for fifty cents, a gorge for seventy-five cents, and a hell of a gorge for a dollar," and he concluded that he would take the latter. On approaching

Bordeaux we come into a very fertile country, which is teeming with fruits and cereals. It is flat and level, and on either bank of the river there are white houses for miles at a stretch—a continuous village, as it were. The banks and waters are white with the waddling, web-foot, feathered tribe.

At this moment, 12:45, we come to the celebrated town of Vichy, whence comes the famous Vichy water. The springs here are several in number and range in temperature from 57° F. to 113° F. Thousands of Europeans and Americans come yearly to drink of these medicinal waters. From Vichy we speed on our way up the fertile valley, flanked by mountains, on the slopes of which are acres upon acres of olive and peach, besides extensive vineyards of grapes. It is near nightfall ere we reach the celebrated wine city of Bordeaux, and we are quite ready to do justice to the *table d'hôte* which awaits us at the hotel.

This 6th of September morning we walk out to the old cathedral and climb 224 steps of a winding tower to the top. This tower was begun in the fourth century, was destroyed by the Barbarians, but rebuilt by Charlemagne, and consecrated by Pope Urban in 1096, and again rebuilt in 1456. From the point at which we now stand we get a magnificent view of Bordeaux, the surrounding hills, and a grand sweep of the river Garonne. After luncheon we drive out to the wine-caves of Clavet et Cie. With torch candles we go down into the cellars single file, where there are in all, red and white wines, more than 40,000 barrels or casks of different ages and quality. The quality does not depend entirely upon the age, as

many think, but as well upon the quality of the grapes and the location of the vineyards. On our way back we drive to the Amphitheater, built by the Romans in the third century. Bordeaux is an interesting place. It stretches along the banks of the Garonne river, and contains several fine cathedrals, art galleries, and museums. Several of Rosa Bonheur's and some of Bouguereau's pictures are here.

In Bordeaux and vicinity the ox and mule give place to horses. Our stay in Bordeaux must be short. The guard says, "*Tous à la voiture,*" and we enter a little *coupé*, and are now speeding through La Belle France to the gay city of Paris. The country on to Paris is flat. The river is lined with tall, stately poplars. The wagon-road is white, smooth, and raised several feet above the level, similar to the roads in the Netherlands from Amsterdam to Brussels. The windmills are also quite frequently seen in this valley. For the first two hours we are passing through extensive vineyards. At 5:20 the vineyards give place to a vast acreage of small grain—hundreds and hundreds of stacks of wheat, barley, and oats, far and near. All of this is in one field, as it were; for there is not a parting fence or road to be seen. Many herds of sheep and goats, guarded by the shepherd-boy and girl, are all along, feeding on the dry stubble. Also there are many gleaners raking the fields. At 6 o'clock we come to the romantic river Seine, in which many *petits bateaux* are plying up and down; and yonder are the spires of the cathedral of Notre-Dame. Soon we are in the capital of one of the greatest nations of the globe.

In a *voiture* we drive to the Hôtel Continental, our favorite abode while in Paris. One day is spent on the automobile, seeing the sights. In the evenings we walk up and down the Rue de Rivoli out into the Champs Elysées. One day is spent at the Ecole de médicine and the Clinique des yeux.

Sunday we take one of the numerous *petits bateaux* and steam up the Seine to St. Cloud. The banks are studded with buildings on either side, almost a continuous town. At St. Cloud the fountains in all their grandeur are playing. The waters in large streams are jetted hundreds of feet. On the banks under the cool shade of the trees, we go upon the veranda of a fine *restaurant* for our luncheon.

Monday morning we take a walk down the Rue de Rivoli, making a few purchases, and then take a *voiture* to the Chemin de Fer del Nord for London. An hour or so we ride over the green, fertile country of Normandy, the home of our forefathers. Gleaners stooping over the stubble are toiling the day long. At 4 o'clock, seated in steamer-chairs, we are just starting from Calais for Dover; the shores of the latter soon appear, for this is the shortest passage between the French republic and the kingdom of England. At 6 o'clock we have reached the white cliffs, and are now steaming out from Dover to Euston Station. It seems good to get back with English-speaking people once more; on the meadows, where the ivy green grows so luxuriantly—where, in fact, there seems an abundance of everything, enough for everybody, with a little to spare. Instead of the poor jaded horse, the heavily laden

ass, the lean long-horned cattle, and gaunt people, here horses, cattle, and people, all look sleek and well fed.

Two or three days only are the allotted time for the great metropolis. Two are spent mostly at Moorfields, the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital. Thursday Mrs. T—— and I take an omnibus ride down Tottenham Road and Oxford Street to St. Paul's, to Westminster Abbey, stopping a few moments in the Poets' Corner, thence across the Thames by the Houses of Parliament. It is good to be back in this staid city of London, where so many pleasant and profitable days were spent in earlier student times.

Friday morning finds us well on our way across green fields and meadows to Liverpool. Cattle and sheep are mostly lying down, contentedly chewing their cuds, instead of skirmishing about for a dry morsel. At 2 P. M. we arrive at Rugby, the celebrated boys' school. September weather is now upon us. To-day is a veritable autumnal, drizzly, rainy day, and the cattle are standing in the fence-corners, dreamily thinking. Friday, September 14th, at 1:30 P. M., we are seated in the large dining-room of the Northwestern Hotel at Liverpool, with a good mutton chop, cauliflower, potatoes, and a mug of old English bitter, the English pudding to come later. Beggars are not seen here; but as you step out from the front door, opened by the florid English porter dressed in uniform of color and large brass buttons, the first to accost you is a little, ragged, barefoted girl with, "Matches, sir? Matches, sir?" Everybody is supposed to want a box of wax tapers, whether he smokes or not.

Then a few feet farther the little shivering urchin says, "Shine, sir? Shine, sir?" It makes no difference if you have just stepped from the boot-polisher of the hotel, the fellow on the street expects you to spend a penny with him. Then before you are through with him another barefoted boy comes with, "Paper, sir? Paper, sir?" But this is far more commendable than begging for a penny.

We find that our ship, the *Empress of Ireland*, has changed her time of sailing from September 14th to September 21st, so now we shall have one more week of rest. And for this we go to the quiet Lake District. Lake Windermere is the place selected, and after a few hours' ride across the heather, along the green banks of the river, we are comfortably located in the English tavern, Riggs Hotel. Riggs Hotel is celebrated for its good beds, fine *table d'hôte*, and especially for its good old English bitter. This 18th of September, in our early morning ramble before breakfast, we climb three thousand feet above the sea-level, to Orrest Head, where we get a most enchanting view. Yonder at our left is an arm of the ocean, Morecombe Bay; directly in front is the chain of lakes, full of small islands, and the green hills lie beyond, clothed in autumn tints. The green, wooded, sloping banks, at this moment draped in mist (for the weather is always changing from smiles to tears here in this Lake District), are particularly beautiful. Every day we take either a boat, carriage, or stage ride to some of the numerous points of interest in these old historic places, the haunts of John Ruskin and the English poets. At this moment,

September 19th, 3 P. M., we have reached the head of Windermere Lake, and are wandering in and out of the ruins of Cistercian Castle and the monastery built by the



FURNESS ABBEY.

Cistercian monks in 1127. Furness Abbey, at the head of the lake, is located in a dense forest; a very quiet, restful place. The moat about her walls and one of the

towers especially are in good state of preservation; also the transepts and the east chapter-house, as the picture shows.

We have spent six days, very quiet days of rest, pleasantly among these delightful English lakes, and now, on the 20th, just one month since we landed in Gibraltar, we take train again for Liverpool.



CHAPTER IX.

Canada and the Homeland.

TO-MORROW we are to embark for America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." After a few purchases, among them some good English breakfast tea, an eiderdown quilt, etc., we go in a four-wheeler early to the docks. But her majesty the *Empress of Ireland* has not come in, because the *Celtic* of the White Star Line occupies the wharf. At 5 o'clock she steams out, and then the *Empress* takes her place, and we go aboard. The *Empress* is a new boat, just out of the docks this year, and the finest that plies between Liverpool and Quebec; she is a floating palace, with all the modern conveniences and luxuries. Our room (320, on the upper deck) is commodious, with two beds, a sofa, two wash-basins, a wardrobe, etc. For saloon passengers there is a fine large dining-room, with seats upholstered in red Morocco leather, walls in quarter-sawed oak or bird's-eye maple, vaulted ceilings, windows decorated with Japanese roses, etc. There is a fine coffee-room, a music-room, a smoking-room, and a library—all modern and elegant. The *cuisine* is all one could wish.

Our first day out is calm, the second the sea is a bit choppy, the third it is choppier, and there are very few at the breakfast-table. On the fourth, at 10 A. M., we sight land, Belle Isle; and yonder at our right is a veritable castle, with peaks and battlements of pure white, rising

from out the ocean. I had often wished that I might see an iceberg, and here she is, in all of her majestic glistening whiteness. She stands or floats about three hundred feet above the surface, and reaches twenty-one hundred feet below, for her depth below the water is seven times that above. Along the Labrador coast yonder, in the distance, are smaller bergs of ice floating. The temperature near these icebergs is several degrees lower than here. Now, at 2 P. M., at our left are the banks of Newfoundland quite distinct, and at our right is the entrance of Baffin's Bay, where several whales are spouting.

The morning of the fifth day finds us within the banks of St. Lawrence, and the water is as placid as a millpond. The banks of Newfoundland are at the left, and those of Labrador at the right. All along are ice castles, reminding us of the Moors. At noon we have passed the Straits and are well into the Gulf, and ere morning we shall be going up the St. Lawrence River. The wooded sloping banks, in their autumn carnival of color, are simply gorgeous. These banks, covered with the maple, oak, sumach, mountain ash, etc., in their high colors, besprinkled with white houses, with now and then a birch-bark canoe gliding forth, make a picture worth crossing the continent to see. As we ascend the river and approach the old historic city of Quebec, the banks become more precipitous. They lose themselves in the violet of the Indian summer sky. Every little way dart forth from the distant shore some of the Indian birch-bark

canoes, reminding one of the earlier days, when the red man was here monarch of all he surveyed.

In the early evening of September 27th we reach Rimonski, where the custom-house officers come aboard to examine our luggage, which has been during the day alphabetically arranged in groups about the deck. It is nearly midnight ere they reach the letter T——, and the



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cold, cutting northeaster has aggravated an earache to an intense, agonizing pain. But the bright rays of the morning sun, with the glory of the warm autumnal tints aglow in the purple haze of Indian summer sky, dissipate all aches and pains, and we, with the rest, become intoxicated by this gallery of colored foliage, red and yellow

predominating. Neither tongue nor pen can adequately depict the beauties of these Canadian groves, woods, and forests in autumn garments.

On the morning of the 28th we steam up the river to Quebec, one of the few walled cities of America. Historically speaking, and also from its picturesque location, it is perhaps the most interesting city of this continent. On leaving our floating palace we take carriage and instruct the French *côcher* to drive us through the French part, with its narrow streets and little old houses with dormer windows, to the Citadel. Our way is through winding, stone-paved streets, with steep ascent, to that magnificent pile of modern structure, the Château Frontenac Hôtel, located on Dufferin Terrace, from which one gains an enchanting view of rivers, falls, woods, mountains, and city bathed in the purple tint of the Indian summer sky. Here we are in the midst of this French medieval town, the Gibraltar of America. From this point we see the surrounding walls, battlements, ramparts, fortresses, castles, monasteries, convents, feudal gates, and towering battlements. Yonder are the Plains of Abraham, where was fought, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, one of the world's famous battles, deciding the destiny of two great nations. Just in front of us is the ravine through which Wolfe brought his army, and there, at our left, is the monument commemorative of the two great generals, Wolfe and Montcalm, where they fell September 13, 1759, each asking, as he went down amid the smoke and roar of the guns, how the battle was going; and when word came that the French were put to flight,

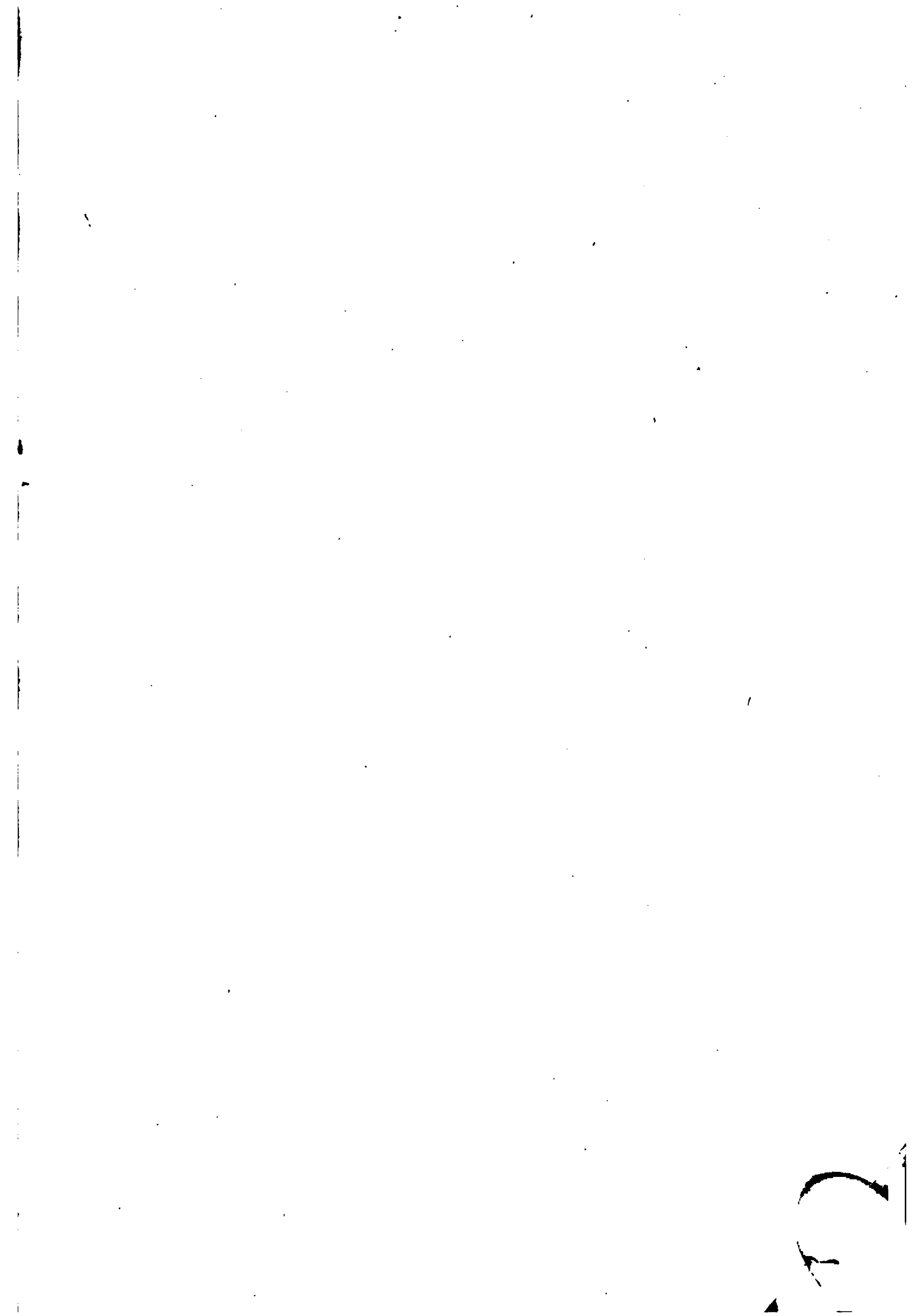
Wolfe said, "I thank God I have lived to see the victory!" while Montcalm said, "I thank God I die before seeing the surrender!" At the Hôtel Frontenac, one of the best in the world, we take luncheon before going down the river to the picturesque Falls of Montmorency.

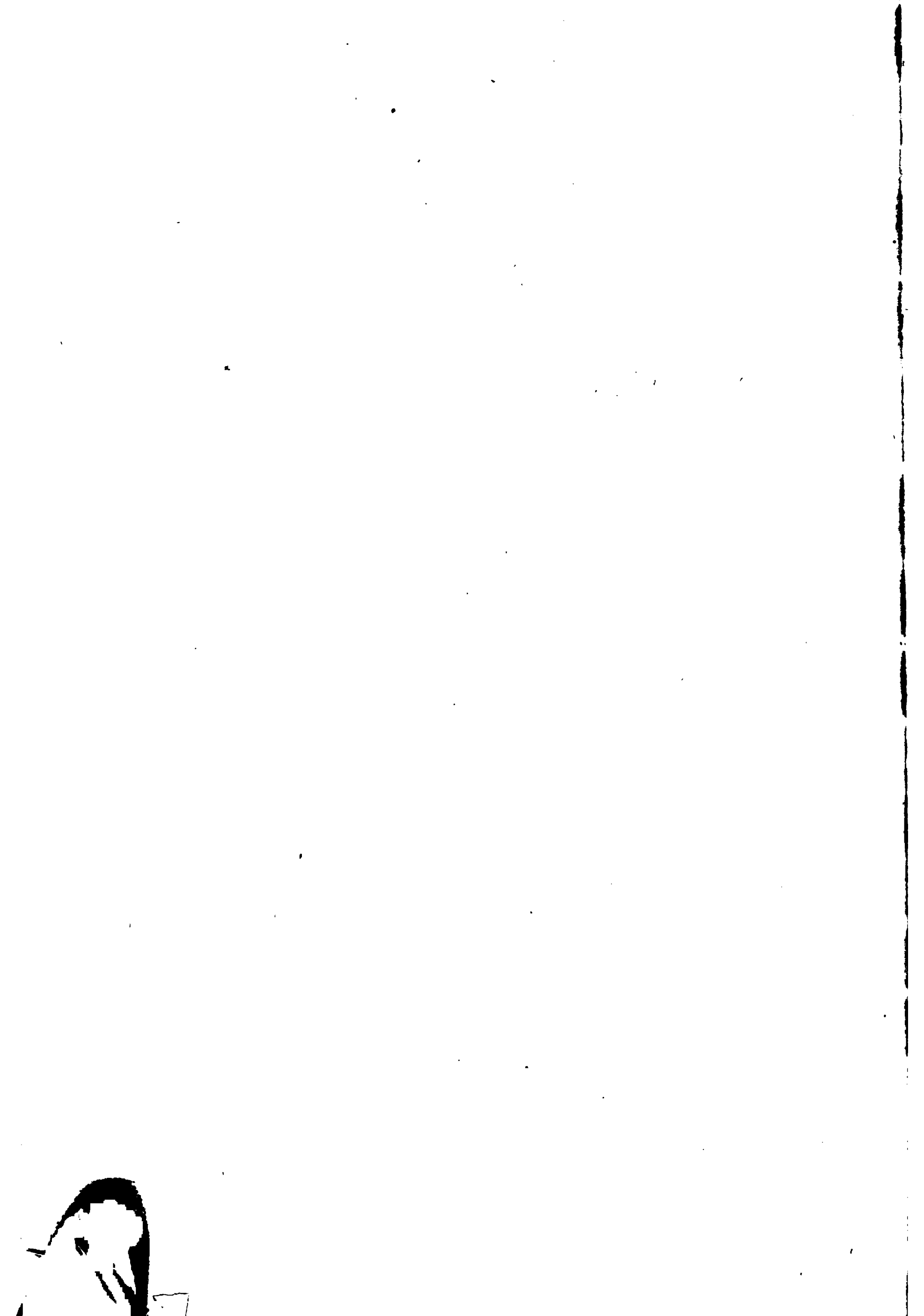
We have but a few hours left to keep our word good and be at home October 1st. So we cannot tarry longer in Canada, but hasten on. A short stop at Niagara Falls, and then we book for Kansas City, reaching here the morning of October 1st, in time for the Monday morning's lecture. At the office there is plenty of accumulated work.

"When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain.

"Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I 'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose;
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 't would pain to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain."

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